

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN
THE BROKEN EAR



LITTLE, BROWN

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LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY

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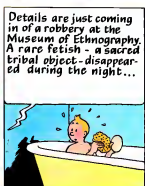
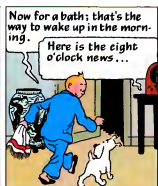
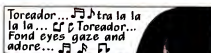
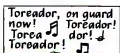
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The loss was discovered this morning by a museum attendant. It is believed the thief must have hidden in the gallery overnight and slipped out when the staff arrived for work. No evidence of a break-in has been found...

Come on Snowy! To the Museum of Ethnography!



The Director? I'm afraid he's engaged: the police are here ...



Now, to recapitulate... You say the attendant locked the doors last night at 1712 hours; he noticed nothing unusual. He came on duty this morning at seven. At 0714 he observed that exhibit No. 3542 was missing and immediately raised the alarm. Right?... Now this attendant: is he reliable?

Absolutely! Above suspicion! He's been with us for over twelve years and never given the least cause for complaint.



Besides, the fetish has no intrinsic value. In my judgement, it would only be of interest to a collector...



Great snakes! The Thompsons!

Why, it's our friend Tintin!



Have you any leads?

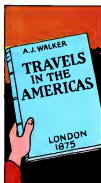
Well, the Arumbaya fetish has no intrinsic value... no instinctive value... The solution is quite simple: it was removed by a collector.

To be precise: it was collected by a re-mover.



Some hours later...

This is the book. I'm sure it has something about the Arumbayas.



Aha! This is interesting... Listen, Snowy. "Today we met our first Arumbayas. Long, black, oily hair framed their coffee-coloured faces. They were armed with long blow-pipes which they employ to shoot darts poisoned with curare ..."



We decided to stay there. Their generosity and gave us a splendid



... Curare! ... the terrible vegetable poison which paralyses one's breathing! ... Oh! "Arumbaya Fetish" ... But ... but ... it's the very one that's been stolen!



I therefore made an accurate sketch they urged me to do



Odd coincidence, don't you think, Snowy? ... Snowy isn't interested ... he's gone to sleep ... I think I'll follow suit.



The next morning...





Extraordinary! There was the fetish this morning, back in its usual place, with this letter propped up beside it... What do you think?

Hmmm!

Hmm?

In my opinion, gentlemen, the fetish is bewitched!



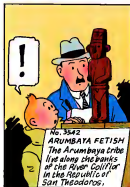
Dear Director,

I bet a friend I could pinch something from your museum.

I won my bet, so here's your fetish back.

Please forgive my foolishness, and any trouble I have caused.

Sincerely, X



No. 3542
ARUMBAYA FETISH
The Arumbaya tribe live along the banks of the River Gouffier in the Republic of San Theodoros.

My mind is made up: this letter is anonymous. Nobody knows who wrote it!

To be precise: I agree. An anonymous letter nobody wrote!



According to the police the case is closed... But that isn't my view...



Why doesn't he give up?



I do beg your pardon, sir!

Wake up, Tintin! Look where you're going!



So, am I the only one to know the fetish they put back is a fake?



Here's the proof. Walker, the explorer, says he made an "accurate sketch". And according to the drawing...



...the right ear of the fetish is slightly damaged: there's a little bit missing.



But on the reinstated fetish the right ear is intact. So it must be a copy... Now, who would be interested in acquiring the real one? A collector? Quite possibly... Anyway, let's see what the press has to say about it.

Oh dear, here we go again... Sherlock Holmes on the trail!

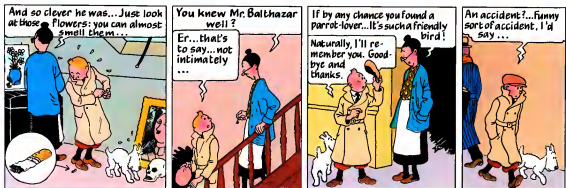
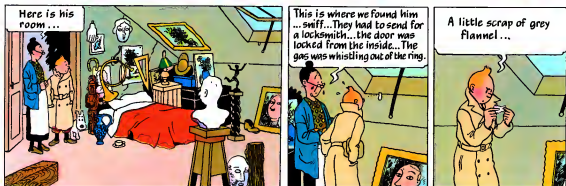
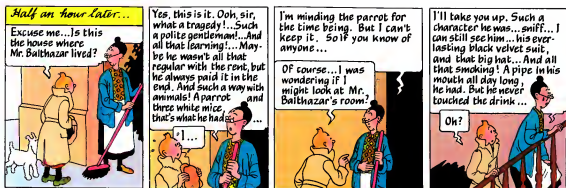


FATAL OVERSIGHT

A strong smell of gas alerted residents this morning at 21 London Road. They sent for the police who effected an entry to the room occupied by artist Jacob Balthazar. Officers discovered the sculptor lying on his bed; he was found to be dead. It appears that the victim had forgotten to turn off the tap on his gas-ring. By some chance his parrot survived the fumes. Mr. Balthazar's work attracted the attention of art-critics, who particularly praised his series of wooden statuettes, his special technique being strongly reminiscent of primitive sculpture.



Going round and round like that, he makes me giddy!



Excuse me, but I've been thinking. I'll buy Mr. Balthazar's parrot.

The parrot?
Oooh, sir!

If you'd only been two minutes sooner! I just sold it. The gentleman who bought it was here a moment ago; you must have passed him.

Just my luck!

Look, there he goes! You see the gentleman with a parcel under his arm? That's him.

Let's hope he'll agree to resell it to me.



Grrreat greedy-guts!

Hey, you!...D'you always behave like that? Let me tell you, I'm not used to being insulted!

Perdone, Señor.

Very well! But another time you'll be in trouble! But...I assure the señor...

GRRREAT GREEDY-GUTS!

Oh, help! It's a regular punch-up...Ooh! The parrot! The parrot!!

The parrot!!!

GRRREAT GREEDY-GUTS!



Estúpido! Imbécil! Great greedy-guts! Look what you do: my beautiful parrot es escapado! Ees perdido!

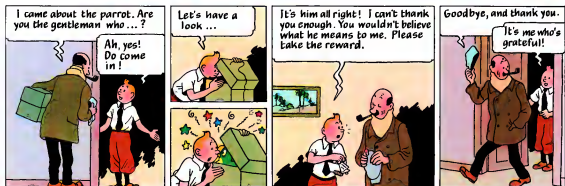
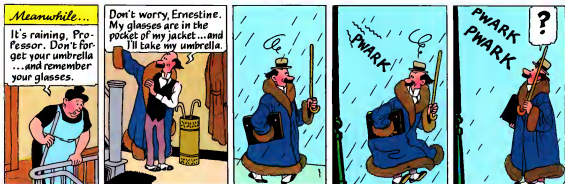
The only witness to Balthazar's death, the only one who could have talked, and there he goes.

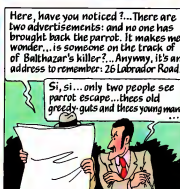
The parrot ees give me by my grandfather. Ay, qué desastre...All same, muchas gracias for try to catch heem.

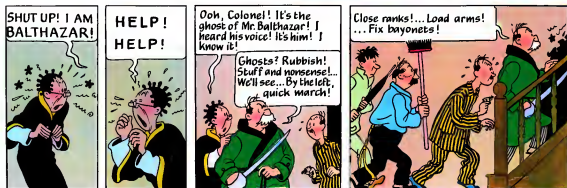
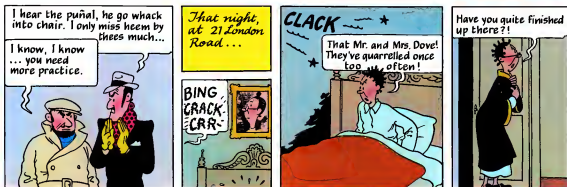
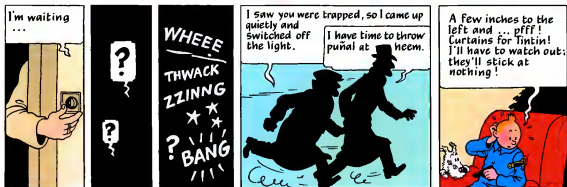
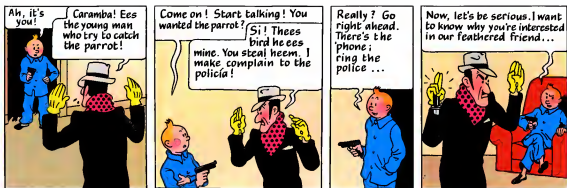
That's quite all right.

"Give to me by my grandfather" Why tell a lie? I wonder, could he be interested in the parrot for the same reason as me?











Road hog! He couldn't have been closer if he'd tried to run you down!

Yes, he deliberately swerved to the left!



Are you hurt?

No, thanks, I had time to jump clear. I wouldn't have fallen if I hadn't tripped over the edge of the pavement.



I managed to get his number... Wait... 169... Yes, 169 MW... That's it. 169 MW... You'll have to ask the police...

169 MW. Thank you!



...I tell you, if that idiot hadn't warned him I'd have settled his hash!

Si, si, but truth ees you meess heem and from now he ees on hees guard. Ciertamente, knife ees better!



In that case, you'll have to practise harder: you always throw too far to the right...

Only a leetle...



That's it... 169 MW... Doctor Eugene Trebblebob, 120 Minstrel's Way... Good!

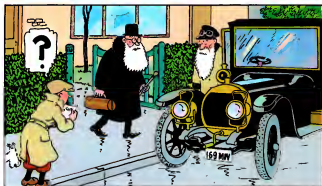


This time I'm sure I'm on the right track.



MINSTREL'S WAY

Here we are.



Wrong number!... That man who told me can't have seen it clearly...



Anyway, it's possible they used false number plates on their car... Oh!...



Look, Snowy! You see: 169 MW.
Now watch: one... two...



Three!... Presto!
... MW 691!



They just turned their numberplates
upside down... Perfectly simple!



Now then... MW 691
... Alonso Perez,
engineer, Sunny
Bank, Freshfield
... Not far from
here to Freshfield...
Let's go!



That night...



Caramba!...
Again ees too
much to right!



Ha! ha! ha!...
Caramba!...
WHOOPEE!



All you need do is
aim more to the
left: that way
you hit the bulls-
eye...



Muy bien, aim
more to the
left?...
Why not?



GRREAT GREEDY-
GUTS! Silencio!
Silencio!
animal
maldito!



Grrreat greedy-guts!
Grrreat greedy-guts!
PWARK!
PWARK!



Carramba!...
Missed again!...



Crazy idiot! Think
what that parrot
means to us! Are
you out of your
mind? What about
the fetish?

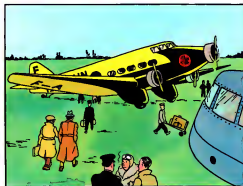
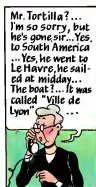
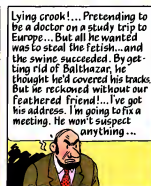


Fetish! Fetish! Al infierno
weeth thees fetish!...
And I wreeng the neck
of thees Feeelthy
parrot!...



Carramba!
...Ha! ha!
ha!...
Grrreat
greedy-
guts!





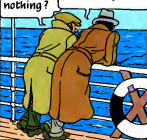
Now, clever Señor Tortilla, the fun begins!



Several days later...

Well? Still nothing?

Nothing. No sign of heem anywhere!



Perhaps he set us and he keep to hees cabin... Or may be he nevaire come aboard thees ship... Een thees case...

Ssh! Someone's coming...



Did you see?...



That feegure... eet could be...

Tintin, couldn't it?



No, ciertamente ees impossible! ... Also, how could he know?



Sssh!



Or him?



It's crazy! We've started seeing Tintins around every corner! They're all fairly short...

O.K....But what does that prove?

...Ees right.



But no, ees not right! Eet ees heem! Ees first one, thees one in the cap. I remember heem: ees in same a croplane and he set behind us. Ees following us. I tell you, ees Tintin!



All right, there's only one answer. He's got to go!

Esta noche... to-might, after the dinner, we feex heem good!



That evening...



Now don't forget: aim a little more to the left...



Goodnight! ... Oh!

Goodnight to you!



A weeg! Ees wearing a weeg! Ciertamente ees heem!

Careful, he's coming! Now above all, don't miss!

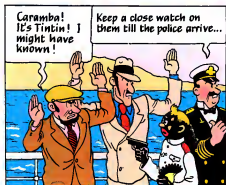
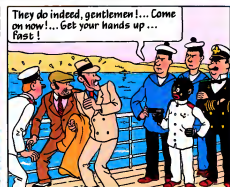


OOH! ... HELP! ... MURDER! HELP!









Good idea of yours to meet the boat... Excellent... But there's still the Fetish...



Don't worry... they won't have it for long!

... And that's the whole story. Look, here's the fetish they stole from the wretched Tortilla. Does anything in particular strike you about it?

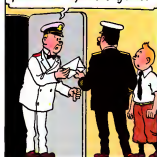
I reckon it's another fake. The right car isn't broken.



Exactly. So we still need to know two things. First, where's the real fetish... and then, what are all these gangsters really after?



A letter for Mr. Tintin, sir. A police launch just brought it.



Republic of San Theodoros
Ministry of Justice
Los Duplicos

The Minister presents his compliments to Mr. Tintin and requests his presence ashore to assist in the interrogation of two suspects. Mr. Tintin is further invited to bring with him the stolen fetish. An officer will meet Mr. Tintin on shore and put himself at his disposal.



Things are beginning to move. I'll just get myself ready and then I'll go.



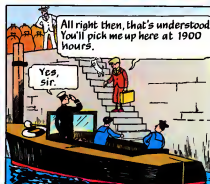
See you later! Good luck!



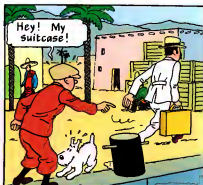
Don't forget, we'll be sailing tonight at eight o'clock.

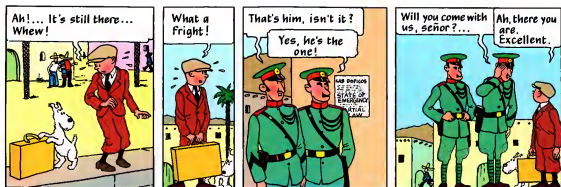


Don't worry, I'll be back. I don't want to get stuck in this place!



Now we just have to wait for that obliging officer to come and put himself at my disposal!





Well, well, here I am again... in the soup!



Still, it's not so bad. The launch from the "Ville de Lyon" is due to pick me up at seven. When I don't appear they'll go back to the ship and alert the Captain... He'll get me out easily enough.



Doesn't that dog belong to the lad they just took in?



Yes, and I guess he'll have a long wait for his master...

1900 hours...



Perdone, señor teniente, but are you waiting for a young man to take out to the "Ville de Lyon"?



Yes, how d'you know that?

Because he said to tell you not to wait for him. And here's a letter he asked me to give you...



"To the Captain of the Ville de Lyon." All right, thank you.



That's that taken care of!

There's the launch going back. They'll warn the Captain.



... And there's the letter the man gave me.



Las Dopicos

Dear Captain,
As you know, I planned to continue my trip with you.

However, something new has come up concerning the theft of the fetish, forcing me to stay longer in Las Dopicos.

I am extremely sorry if I have in-

What's happening? It must be nearly eight o'clock and the launch still isn't back...



TOOOOT
TOOOOT

That's the "Ville de Lyon"!



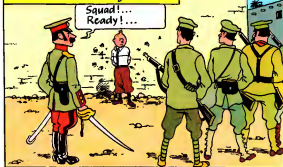
They're weighing anchor... sailing without me!!



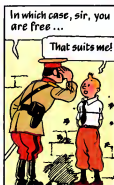
This time it's hopeless... I can't see any way to get myself off the hook...

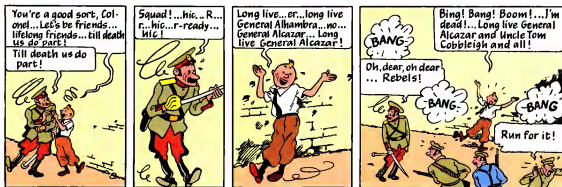


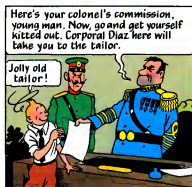
And next morning...



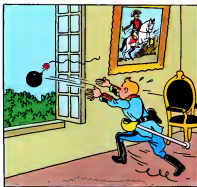
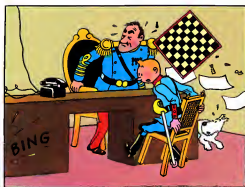
Squad!... Ready!...

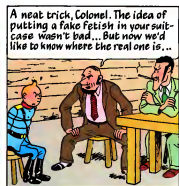
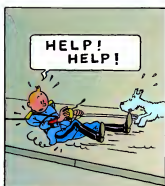


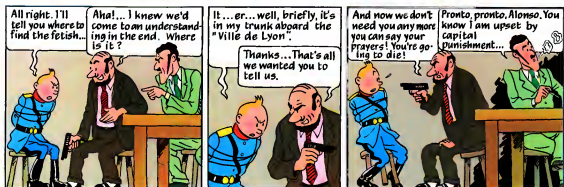
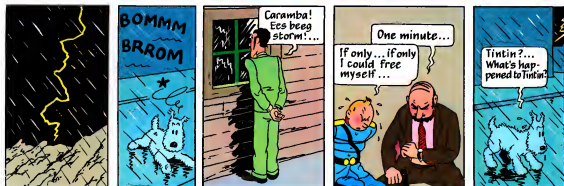
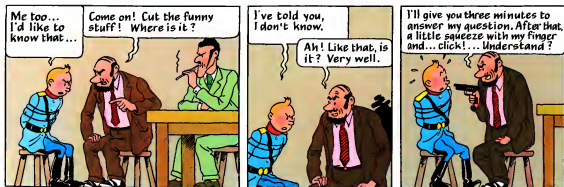


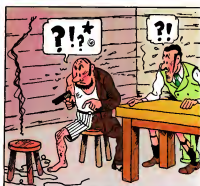


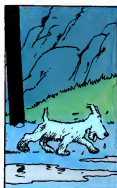


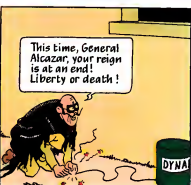
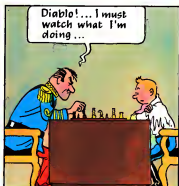
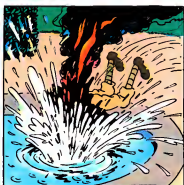
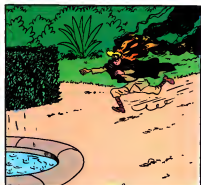














I pulled out my gun and fired. Ha! ha! ha!
... Just imagine, the chap fainted ...
Ha! ha! ha! ... And best of all, can you
believe it, next day he had jaundice!
... Imagine! Jaundice!



An attack!

The general's palace!
... It's over there!

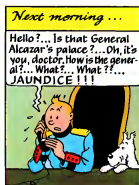
Another
revolution?...



It's all right! Quite
all right! General
Alcazar is unharmed!



Idiot! Surely you know that if
you just put dynamite against a
wall it only produces a loud bang:
you need to bury it... Now, it's back
to square one
again!



Next morning ...

Hello?... Is that General
Alcazar's palace?... Oh, it's
you, doctor. How is the gener-
al?... What?... What?!!...
JAUNDICE!!!



Jaundice, yes... Caused by
shock, you know...



RAT
TAT
TAT

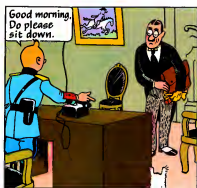
Come!



Who is it?

R.W. Tricker, representative, General American Oil. All right, show him in.

Good morning. Do please sit down.



Well, Colonel, the reason I'm here... I heard yesterday ...

Please excuse me ...

Yes, of course ...



Hello?... Hello?... Yes, Captain... What?! ... They've escaped!



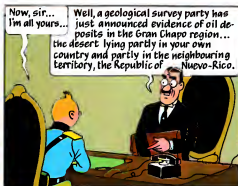
We are free, and soon the fetich ceosours!

And soon we'll have our revenge too; we have old scores to settle with Tintin!

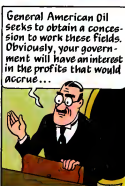


Now, sir... I'm all yours...

Well, a geological survey party has just announced evidence of oil deposits in the Gran Chapo region... the desert lying partly in your own country and partly in the neighbouring territory, the Republic of Nuevo-Rico.



General American Oil seeks to obtain a concession to work these fields. Obviously, your government will have an interest in the profits that would accrue...



I see. I'm afraid General Alcazar is ill, and I cannot...



Of course, of course. But you could render us invaluable service. I mentioned that part of the oil-fields lie in Nuevo-Rican territory. My company wishes to exploit the whole region; so it follows that you must take over the area.

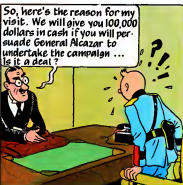
But... that would mean war!



Unfortunately, yes. But what can one do? You can't make an omelette without breaking eggs, can you, Colonel?



So, here's the reason for my visit. We will give you 100,000 dollars in cash if you will persuade General Alcazar to undertake the campaign ... Is it a deal?



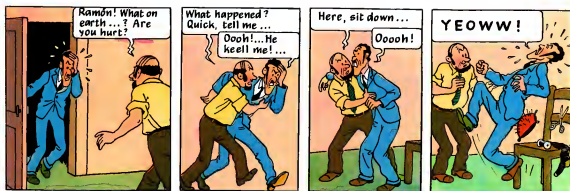
You're making a big mistake in refusing my offer. But, just as you wish, Colonel! Goodbye!

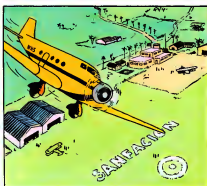
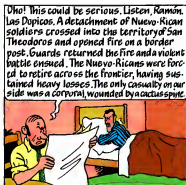
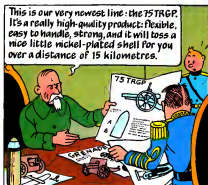
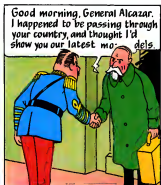


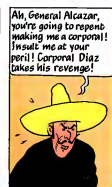
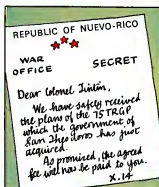
A dangerous fellow! He could wreck all our plans. I must have a word with Rodriguez about him...

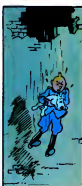
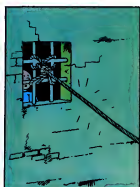
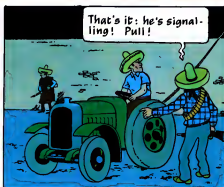
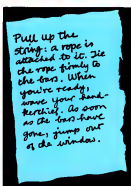
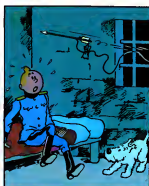
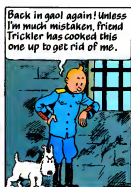


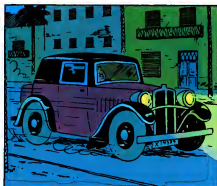


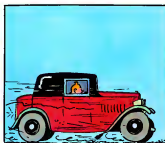
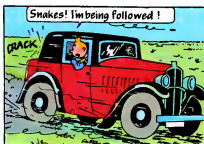
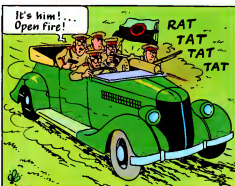
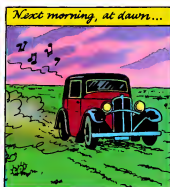




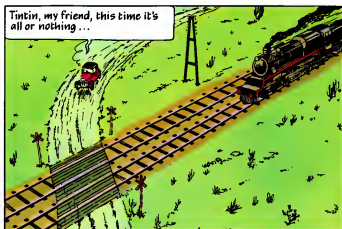
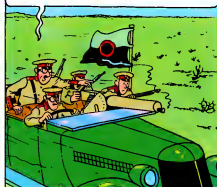


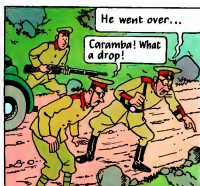
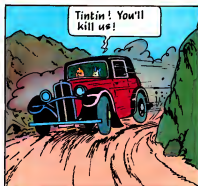
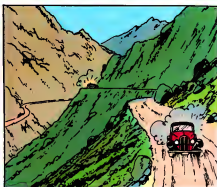
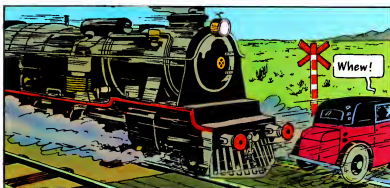






Caramba! A train!... We've got him. The road crosses the railway. He'll have to stop, or he'll be smashed to smithereens!

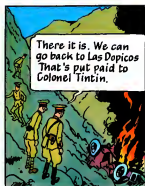






I'm staying here. Why climb down? He's had it anyway, hasn't he?

As you like, I'm going to see...

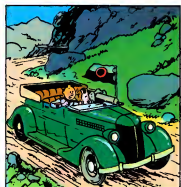


There it is. We can go back to Las Dopicos. That's put paid to Colonel Tintin.



What's going on up there?

That's our car!



He... he must have been hiding behind the rocks. I didn't see him coming...

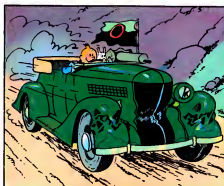
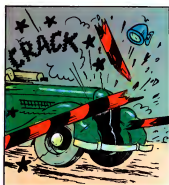


It doesn't matter. He'll be caught at the frontier. It can't be far from here. We'll pick him up there. Come on!



It's a government car!

If they stop me, I'm caught...
and if that's a strong
barrier, I'm dead.



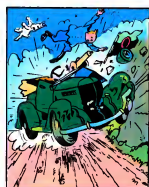
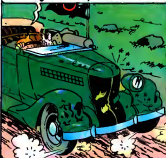
Hello?... Border post 31?...
Patrol No. 4 here... A San-
Theodorian car with a mounted
machine-gun just raced past
here, heading for the frontier.



Red alert!... San-
Theodorian armoured
car reported...
Man your posts!



Watch out, Snowy!... They're
shooting at our tyres!





An armoured car tried to attack border post 31. It was destroyed and one of the occupants, a colonel, was taken prisoner.



In Sanfacion...

General!... General!... This dispatch has just come by telephone!



"An armoured car ..." !!! This time it's war! That's what they want: that's what they'll get!



Pass this communiqué to the newspapers. I want special editions on the streets in an hour!



Sanfacion Star! ... Extra! ... Extra! ... Sanfacion Star! ... Extra!



WAR! IT'S WAR!
A motorised column of the San-Theodorian army mounted a surprise attack today, but the enemy were repulsed by our valiant troops, who inflicted heavy casualties...



Hello?... Mr. Trickle?... Success! The Nuevo-Ricans have just declared war on us!... Yes... over some new incident on the border...



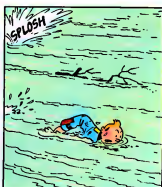
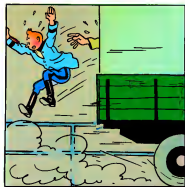
The Gran Chapo fields are ours! ... Once again General American Oil has beaten British South-American Petrol!

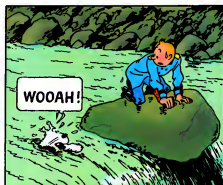
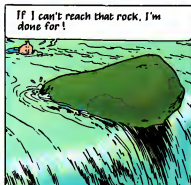


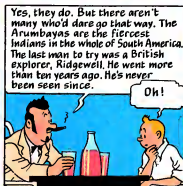
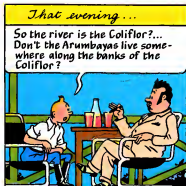
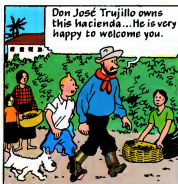
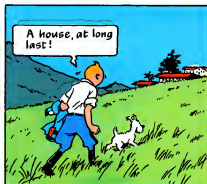
In a fortnight all the Gran Chapo will be in Nuevo-Rican hands. Then I hope you in British South-American Petrol will not forget your promises.



The first chance we get, we desert, and ...
... we look for these fetish again.







Next morning...

This is Caraco, an Indian who knows the river well. But I doubt if he'd dare go... there.



I want to go down-river. Will you act as my guide?

Si, señor.



I... er... I want to visit the Arumbayas ...



Arumbayas! Very bad people! No! Caraco no go!

Chicken!



Wait, Caraco. Think it over. Look what I'll pay you ...



Caraco go. But Caraco very poor man. The señor will buy canoe of Caraco.

All right, I'll buy it.



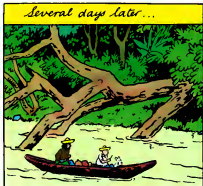
Caraco know other white señor. He want to go to Arumbayas. Long, long time ago. Other white señor ...

I know, he never came back ...

And that doesn't bother you?



Several days later...



Soon is night, señor.

You're right. We must stop.



Tomorrow, we come to country of Arumbayas.



Goodnight, señor...

Goodnight, Caraco.



Next morning...

Where's Caraco?

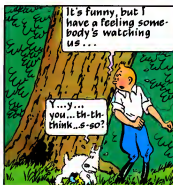
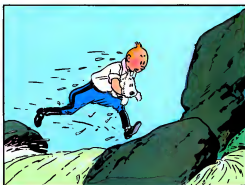
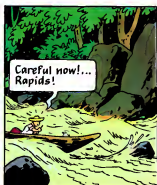


The canoe is still there, anyway ...





He's left me!... Now I understand why he wanted me to buy his canoe... So I could go on alone!





A dart!... It's sure to be poisoned!... D'you remember, Snowy?... Curare!



I can't hear anything now. I must have shaken them off...



?



Cowards! Come on out and show yourselves, unless you're afraid to!

Tintin, you'll get yourself killed!



WOOAH



!



Great snakes!

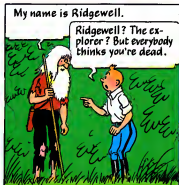


A white man!



Who are you? And what brings you to this place?

My name is Tintin... who... who are you?



My name is Ridgewell.

Ridgewell? The explorer? But everybody thinks you're dead.

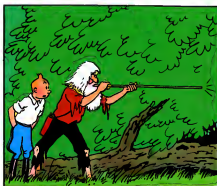


What a pity! Or rather, what a good thing, because I've decided never to return to civilisation. I'm happy here among the Arumbayas, whose life I share...

And whose weapons you've adopted. What was the meaning of that little game of darts?

I just wanted you to have an unfriendly reception, to encourage you to leave at once. Believe me, if I'd wanted to kill you it wouldn't have taken more than one dart. Look, I'll prove it. You see that big flower over there?

Yes.



Good shot!



WOOAAAAH!

?



Ooh! I'm so sorry!

WOOAAAAH!



Don't worry, the dart wasn't poisoned. Use my handkerchief for a bandage.



Now, tell me how you come to be here in this country...



Well, it's like this. An Arumbaya fetish in a museum in Europe, brought back by the explorer Walker, was stolen and replaced by a copy. I noticed the substitution. Two other men were also on the track of the real fetish and who ever had stolen it.



I followed these two men to South America. They killed the thief on board ship and stole his fetish. But this one too was a fake. So now I'm trying to find the real fetish, and I still don't know where it is.



...Just as I still don't know what they were all after: Tortilla, the first thief, and his two killers. They all wanted the fetish. But why they wanted it is still a complete mystery. So I thought perhaps that here ...



...among the Arumbayas I might learn something fresh about it...

Perhaps you may. It's quite possible...



Rumbabas! ... Sworn enemies of the Arumbayas! ...





What will they do to us? That's easy! They'll cut off our heads and by a most ingenious process they'll shrink them to the size of an apple!



Ahw wada lu vili bahn chaco conats! Ha! ha! ha!

Just as I thought. He means our heads will soon be added to his collection!



They've gone... Snowy, you've absolutely got to save Tintin.



If I can find the Arumbaya village, and take this thing to them, perhaps they'll understand that its owner is in danger...



Meanwhile, in the Arumbaya village...

The Spirits tell me that if your son is to be cured, he must eat the heart of the first animal you meet in the forest...

I go, most powerful one!



What a strange animal!... And what's it carrying in its mouth? A quiver! That's funny... I must try to catch it alive...





See, O witch-doctor. This cloth belongs to the old bearded one, and the quiver also. Perhaps the old bearded one is in danger?



You mind your own business! ... Give me the animal and go! ... I shall kill the creature and take out its heart; this I shall give to your son to eat. Go now!



And if you breathe one word of all this, I shall call down the Spirits upon you and your family ... and you will all be changed into frogs!



No danger now: he won't gossip... But he's right. The old bearded one may be in trouble. All the better! Let's hope he dies! Then I shall regain my power over the Arumbayas. Now, before I kill the animal I must burn these things... they might give me away.



Great Spirits of the forest, we bring thee a sacrifice of these two strangers ...



Stop, O chief of the Rumbabas! The Spirits of the forest do not accept your sacrifice!



These two strangers are friends of the forest. You will set them free.



V-v-very w-w-... well!

It's magic... witchcraft!



Magic?... Didn't you realise it was me speaking?... I'm a ventriloquist... Ventriloquism, I'd have you know my young friend, is my pet hobby.



Good heavens!

Brother Arumbayas, you are about to witness a remarkable phenomenon ...



My end!

We will take out this animal's heart and give it, still beating, to our sick brother ...





The Arumbayas discovered that a sacred stone had disappeared. It seems that the stone gave protection from snake-bite to anyone who touched it. The tribe remembered a half-caste named Lopez, the explorers' interpreter, who was often seen prowling around the hut where the magic stone was kept under guard.



The Arumbayas were furious. They set off in pursuit of the expedition, caught up with them, and massacred almost all the party... Walker himself managed to escape, carrying the fetish. As for the half-caste, although badly wounded, he too got away. The stone, probably a diamond, was never recovered... That's how the story goes.



Now I understand... The whole thing makes sense!



Listen!... The half-caste steals the stone, and to avoid suspicion he conceals it in the fetish. He thinks he'll be able to get it back later on...



But the Arumbayas attack the expedition and Lopez is wounded. He has to flee without the diamond. And that's it!... The diamond is still in its hiding-place, and that's why Tortilla, and after him his two killers, tried to steal the fetish.



It looks to me as if you're right!

So now all I have to do is find the fetish... and return to Europe!



Some days later...



Meanwhile...



We simply must get hold of a canoe...



Look!... There's a canoe... and with one man only... But... I think I am seeing things... or it's a dream... There's a man...

Caramba!... It's Tintin!



We'll rest here for a while before we continue our journey...



So we meet again, eh?



Let's start talking!... Did you know the 'Villed Lyon' had been completely destroyed by fire... burnt out!

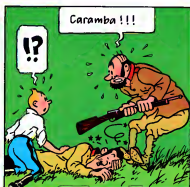
Really?



Yes, really! And the fetish you left in your trunk has been destroyed!... Burnt!... All because of you... You are going to pay dearly, my friend!

No! I told you... The real fetish wasn't aboard...







Good! ... Now they're safely taken care of, let's see what he's got in his wallet.



OHO!



Aramé-ayas
I am dying
Walker expedition
the diamond
in the fetish
ear
Lopez

Where did you get this note?... Tell me!



In the ship, on our way to Europe. Tortilla dropped it. But we didn't know what it meant. Tortilla was just a fellow passenger. We only realised the significance of the paper when we read about the fetish being stolen from the museum... Then we decided we'd try to get the fetish away from Tortilla.



Excellent! ... Now, the only thing we don't know is how Tortilla got hold of this note. But since he's dead, I don't suppose we'll ever discover that! ... So now, gentlemen, let's get moving!



And behave yourselves!



What are you planning to do with us?



No problem. I shall hand you over to justice. I think you well deserve it!

Hand us over to justice?... Ha! ha! ha!



Don't count your chickens before they're hatched, my fine friend...



Teep heem een! ...



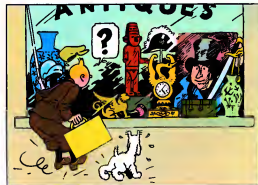
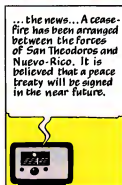
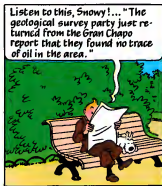
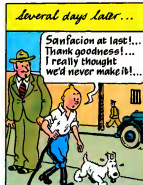
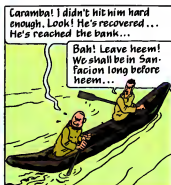
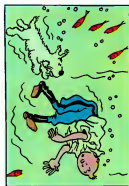
Got you!

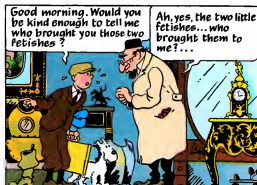
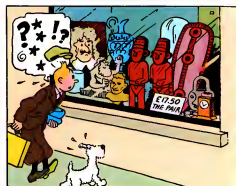
Bravo!

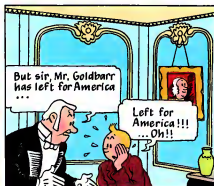
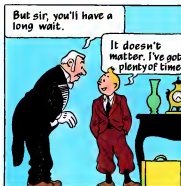
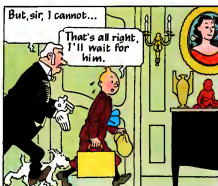
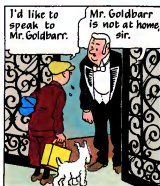
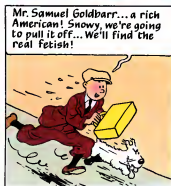
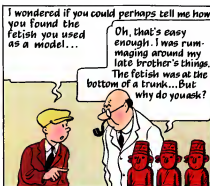
There!...



Hee's feenished! Look, Alonso. Thees piranhas, thees man-eating fishes, they come for heem already.



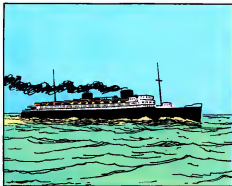




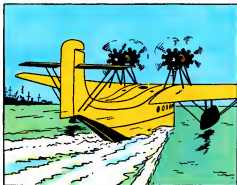
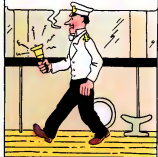
But if you really want to catch her, maybe you could hitch a ride from the air-base over there ... It's not far ...



... catch the 'Washington', eh? ... Hmm... maybe... We happen to have a plane going out to her... to deliver some mail ...



First service for lunch, please! ... First service for lunch! ...



There goes Goldbarr... He's off to lunch. Now's our chance!



Ramón! ... Ramón! ... Look! ... I've got it!

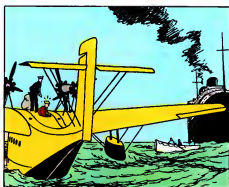


Here comes the mail...



But the diamond ... Where is it?

Eet must be
somewhere
inside...



Leesten, Alonso... We cannot
stay here any longer. Ees too
reesky. Someone might
come. We take thees fetish
to our cabin, then we take
our time to look...



Hello... there's a
passenger...



I need to speak to one of your
passengers immediately...
A Mr. Goldbarr...

Mr. Goldbarr? You'll find
him in the first-class
dining-room.



Let's hope I've
come in time!



Hands up!...



OH!

The diamond!

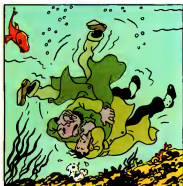
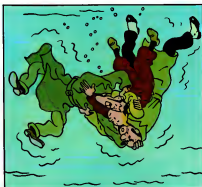


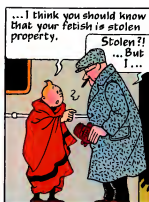
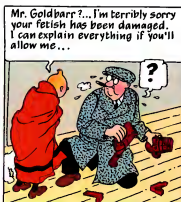
Look out! Thees diam-
ond!



It'll go
into the
sea!





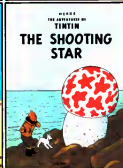
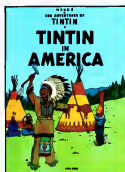


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